

MEXICO MISSOURI MESSAGE.

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News and Comment

Tell your neighbor that you saw it in the MESSAGE.

Stop the use of tobacco; that would undo one of the trusts.

No difference what paper you read last year, read the MESSAGE this year.

Those resolutions by the Wells-ville Free Silver Club have about the right ring.

Andy Locke, colored, who used to like beer, has served his time in the pen and returned to Mexico.

Don't judge from outward appearance, many people look as tho their religion didn't agree with them.

We're not swearing by the St. Louis Republic; not altogether. Too much corporation influence there.

Missouri is wiping out her bonded debt. Over \$1,000,000 paid in that direction within the last two months.

Ex-Gov. Boies of Iowa serves notice that he would like to be President. But, Boies, you seem to like gold better.

Robert and James Henderson have bought the Neal farm of 300 acres, north of Mexico. Purchase made thru Lakeman and Barnes.

"6 to 1" or bust, hit the trusts we must, down on militarism and foreign land grabbing, give us an income tax—our platform, don't you know.

If Dockery isn't nominated for Governor it will not be the fault of the St. Louis Republic. Ball is too poor to pay for such influence, —if he would.

Many users of tobacco are quitting the weed. The MESSAGE knows a number over the county who have sworn off—and stuck to it too—in the last few years.

It was a bright Warrensburg insurance agent who said recently that the friction of rubbing a \$10,000 policy against a \$5,000 building was very likely, indeed, to cause fire.

Two colored boys of this city plead guilty to the charge of gambling before Justice Melutire the other day and are each serving a sentence of 30 days in jail.

Judge Spencer of St. Joseph wants Vest's place in the Senate. The Judge is a railroad attorney; if he can divest himself of the odor of any corporation influence the people may let him in all right.

The Warsaw Enterprise extends a hope that the new road law will be such a marked improvement that the title of supervisor will be something to be more deserved than colonel, captain, major or even judge.

The St. Louis Republic wants to nominate Dockery for Governor because a majority of the newspapers of the State seem to want the thing that way. Just wait and let the people attend to that, won't you. It's the people doing this, not necessarily the newspapers.

A boarder at a leading hotel in Joliet, Ill., was quite sick and about 2 o'clock in the morning he disturbed the guests of the house by a hoarse cough which sounded like the bark of a dog. That morning when asked why he made such a peculiar noise he said that the doctor had ordered him, just before leaving the evening before, to take wine and bark.

In addition to having Ella Ewing, the largest woman in the world, Missouri, grand old State, has the smallest married couple in the world. They are Mr. and Mrs. Willie Ray of Dunklin County, who have just returned home to spend the winter, having been with the Solis Bros. show last year. They are each three feet tall and weigh ordinarily about thirty-eight pounds each.

A local option school district road law is suggested by the Central Courier.

Polygamist Roberts is undone. He couldn't serve in Congress. Not the first time a man encountered difficulty because of the fair ex, tho his wives are not to blame.

Burglars presented pistols at the head of R. D. Crank, night agent at the C. and A. depot, Bowling Green, and ordered him to open the money drawer. They got \$40 and bowed themselves out, and Crank was not even crank enough to shoot after them.

This is hard on the guzzler. At Kenosha, Wis., the city council has just enacted an ordinance compelling saloonkeepers to post a list of habitual drunkards in the saloons and that no intoxicants be sold to them; that photographs be taken of the persons so posted and be printed on sheets, which are to be distributed about the city. The photographs are to be paid for by the persons posted and in case the drunkard has no money, his relatives must bear the expense. What if this law were in vogue in Mexico? Would it increase the photo trade.

Forceful Resolutions.
The Wells-ville Free Silver Club met and passed the following resolutions by unanimous vote:

Resolved, That we are not in favor of this government carrying on the war in the Philippine Islands, and ask that they be granted the same rights and privileges that we enjoy, to-wit: Free speech, liberty of the press and the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences without being molested or made afraid.

Resolved, further, That we will elect no delegate to any convention in the State who does not endorse the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

Resolved, further, That we are in favor of electing only men on our state and county committees, who are in sympathy with and endorse the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the ratio above set forth. Be it further

Resolved, That we are in favor of re-adopting the Chicago platform as adopted in Chicago in 1896, with additional planks inserted against imperialism, militarism, trusts and combines.

Resolved, That we endorse the fight that our matchless leader, Hon. W. J. Bryan, is making for the cause of humanity and good government, and it is our wish that he be nominated by acclamation as the leader of the Democratic party in the coming campaign, as under his leadership we will carry our banner to victory.

Resolved, That we sympathize with the Boers in their struggle for independence. We believe England's cause to be unjust and founded only on selfish and pecuniary motives. While we realize as a nation we cannot take part in the conflict between the British and the Boers, yet as lovers of liberty and lovers of home and firesides and as citizens of the grandest government ever organized by man, we can at least lend them our sympathy, thereby showing that we are in sympathy with republican form of government, let the republic be great or small.

Weather Talk.

When men cannot get their brains together on other subjects, they fall into friendly discussion of the weather. In the last eight or ten years I have talked weather with 20,000 clever fellows, and the unanimous verdict is that the seasons are changing, that Christmas is greener than it used to be, and that winter fingers scandalously long in the lap of spring; that we have no cold weather until January; and no autumn until December; that blizzards come in April which used to come in February; that roses which used to bloom in May now bud in June; that navigation in the Hudson closes later every year; that sleighing that used to be excellent in November is now poor in December and January; that skating is better in the rinks than on lakes and ponds; that the groundhog sees his shadow later by several weeks than he saw it ten years ago.—New York Press.

FROM MINNESOTA.

Concerning St. Paul—The Ice Palace—A Former Mexico Boy.

To the editor of the MESSAGE.
ST. PAUL, MINN., Jan. 24.—In obedience to your request to write from St. Paul, I have endeavored to pencil something that might be of general interest with little success. St. Paul is in a bad humor just now. The thermometer registers from 30 to 40 degrees above zero at midday, and the long-contemplated ice palace for the winter carnival is a thing out of question, and even the carnival itself has been called off on account of the uncertainties of the weather. There has been only enough snow here for a few coasting parties, the sun then took a Missouri turn and helped the police stop the fun.

Mexico people may be interested in knowing that J. S. Va diver, a former Mexico boy, is a police editor of the Daily Dispatch, published in St. Paul. He and "Bob"

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE"

Get on your thinking cap. Here's some mind food for you. "The Man With the Hoe" was the subject of a lecture delivered in St. Louis the other night before the Public Ownership League by the Rev. W. F. Peck, pastor of the First Church of Spiritual Unity. The lecture was a review of a series of discourses preached by the Reverend Doctor Holland of St. George's Episcopal Church on Edward Markham's poem. Mr. Peck's address was a marvel in forcefulness and argument. Hear him:

"No surer indication of the power and forcefulness of Edwin Markham's now famous poem could be desired than the severe criticisms that have been bestowed upon it and its subject by the apologists for and defenders of the prevailing social system of which these verses are so severe an indictment. The many protests against this apostrophe to the low-browed, brutish laborer of Millard's painting, have, so far as I have seen, emanated from those who have profited by the system, and, therefore, desire its continuance."

OUR POETS.

One singer with his harp came on the stage,
And tuned the strings;
Awhile he played, and then—an age
Of idle thrums, filled all the page
With manner things.
Till from the shore of Mulla's gentle stream,
There rose a strain
So sweet, so pure, so like a magic dream
Men's souls awoke to catch the joyous gleam—
Like sunlit rain.
And list'ning still, they heard the murmur grow
And gutter tone,—
Till richer, sweeter, did the music flow
Down Avon's willing banks where zephyrs blow
In song alone.
The music dies not; only changes time,
And softer breathes,
When Horton's bard, in darkness, tunes to rhyme
His soul, in song so holy, so sublime,
It joys, it grieves,
And still the breezes waft it thru the years,
All down the line
Sweet poets ever since have charmed our ears,
And moved our hearts to laughter and to tears,
By song divine.

—ERNEST THOMPSON.

White were schoolmates together. St. Paul is a beautiful city of about 160,000 people, lying on either side of the Mississippi, which is narrow at this point, and spanned by three bridges for street railway and general travel. The part beyond the river is known as West St. Paul, tho it is really south of St. Paul. This city almost disproves the geometrical proposition of two parallel lines, which are supposed to go on indefinitely, becoming neither farther from nor nearer each other; you may follow a street and almost complete a circle. The city being laid out according to the windings of the river, it being very circuitous here.

There are a number of places of interest here which I hope to visit at an early date, such as Fort Snelling, the State Prison, at Stillwater, twelve miles distant, and Minnehaha Falls, where Lughnag water will forever live in fiction, and which is located near Minneapolis, the other of the twin cities.

Business is very dull just now, in all departments. I am told it may not be expected to open up before March 1.

The MESSAGE makes its welcome appearance every week. May it continue to succeed.

Very truly yours,
L. A. BIRD

Electricity in Glassmaking.
Electricity has been applied to the manufacture of glass. A pot of that can be thus melted in fifteen minutes that formerly required eighty hours.

the product of his own toil, but of science, philosophy, learning, music and art, which but for him would have no existence. Doctor Holland himself admits that this man makes possible all that is above him. Why, then, should he not share in all that he makes possible?"

Doctor Peck said that he believed in the right of private ownership in the product of one's own labor or its equivalent, but he denied the right of individual ownership and monopoly of the gifts of nature, soil, sunshine and air, also the right of private ownership to public utilities. Railroads, telegraphs, waterworks, lighting plants, should be the property of the state or community, and run in the interest solely of the people.

FUNNY EPISODE.

They Wanted Bryan But a Preacher Was Introduced.

The following amusing story comes from Macon, Mo., but belongs up here at Centralia:

Elder E. M. Richmond figured as William J. Bryan for a few moments at Centralia a few days ago.

In company with T. L. Rubey, he was going down the Wabash on what is known out of Moberly as the "slow train." W. J. Bryan was behind on the "fast train," having an engagement to speak at Columbia. It was one of the gentlemen was aware of the Nebraska man's proximity. The slow train reached Centralia first, and the two gentlemen from Macon were surprised to find about 500 enthusiastic citizens on the depot platform. Richmond nudged Rubey and said:

"Goodness, Tom! you'll certainly be certain if they come out this way to meet you. Guess you'll have to go out and say something to 'em."

Rubey is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Senator in the Ninth—Macon, Boone, and Randolph Counties. He smiled complacently, adjusted his collar and walked out on the rear platform. He cleared his throat, lifted his hand impressively, and began:

"Fellow citizens—
"Oh, get out, Tom," someone in the crowd remarked. "Go back and send out Bryan. We see him in there."

Mr. Richmond is smooth-shaven and about on an equal footing with Mr. Bryan as to size and age. Rubey took in the situation and walked back to his companion.

"See here, Richmond," he said. "If you think they think you're Bryan, go out and give 'em a short talk; they'll never know the difference; and it'll help me out. I'll do the introductory for you in good shape."

The ministerial gentleman's eyes twinkled a bit, and he accompanied Rubey to the back platform, looking as dignified as a Roman Senator. Rubey, who had been named in Boone County and personally knew most of the people at the depot, was just referring to his "honored friend," when a spectator, in much disappointment, remarked:

"Thanked! that old Bryan that's that fellow who preaches up at Sturgeon."
The skeptic was howled down, and after a withering look at him, Rubey went on. He was concluding his introduction with a thrilling reference to "the man who led the Democratic hosts during the history-making year of 1896," when the irate engineer pulled open his throttle, and what might have been one of the greatest efforts of the campaign was unceremoniously squelched.

HER UNCLE'S JOKE.

"No, KIRBY, you may never marry without my consent. You are not in love now, are you?"
"Why, no, uncle. How could I be when I don't know any one?"
"That's so. You didn't have much chance to fall in love at school, and your vacations were spent with me. Now, Kirby, the man I want you to marry is Mr. Wright."

"Mr. Wright?"
"Yes. You have never seen him?" he asked, his eyes twinkling.

"No, I don't know any Mr. Wright."
"Well, he's the man I want you to marry, and if you do you shall have every cent of my money."

"Uncle, I have never seen him and might not care for him, and if I did perhaps he wouldn't want me."
"Oh, you'll fall in love with him fast enough, and as for him not wanting you—why, I'd like to find the man who couldn't want Kirby Chilton, even if she didn't have a million dollars of money. But don't worry your pretty head about him for there's lots of time. Charlie Emery is coming here next week, and you'll have a good time with him and we will see about Mr. Wright later on. You remember Charlie, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed, I remember Charlie. I haven't seen him since I was 14 and he was 20. How nice he was to me, although I was so much younger, that do you know, uncle, he was in love with some one, for one day a picture of a young lady fell from his pocket and I ran away with it." She laughed as she thought how he had chased her through the fields and when worn out she had dropped down under a tree to rest and have a look at the picture until he came up, tired and cross, to claim it. He had blushed as she handed it back, asking, "Is that the future Mrs. Emery?"

"No, it is Miss Emery, my cousin."
"Well, you needn't blush so. I'm a sort of cousin, too, but you never carry my picture with you," she said, getting up and going quickly towards the house. "Why, Kirby," he said, following her, "I think—"

"Oh, I don't care what you think," she said, as she started to run. "You can marry her if all hearts," and she ran on in the house and never appeared until at dinner, when she was her old self again and as usual. She had left the next morning and she had never seen him since, but she had heard of him recently. After graduating from college he had gone abroad and had lately returned. Miss Emery had married a cousin of her uncle. Where did he keep that picture now?

"Uncle, Kirby said her uncle, 'you asked and didn't want about Mr. Wright. He'll be your best friend for ever.'"
"Well, well," he said, as he left the room. "I thought Kirby was a thoroughly good fellow. I'll let it go now. My experience is that if you want a couple to marry, make them think it impossible and then nothing can prevent them. But don't go and fall in love with the man I want for me, thinking Mr. Wright really exists."

The Kirby did let it worry her, and again she questioned her uncle about Mr. Wright, the one she loved his name in her, but his answers gave her little or no satisfaction. Finally she determined she would forget it.

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didn't see through. I think he appears to be the right man, though."

"Am I, Kirby?"
"I think you are, but what a funny way for uncle to put it," and the old man laughed softly as he went into the house.—Boston Post.

GREAT POWER OF MEMORY.

An Actress Who Has Committed Her Part in Over 200 Plays.

The mental collapse of poor Victory Bateman, which is said to have been entirely due to her ill-advised attempt to make herself mistress of a repertory the extent of which was far beyond her real capacity, has aroused a new interest in the question of brain power and brain endurance. Ambitious and indefatigably industrious, Miss Bateman simply "drove a willing horse to death," for she crowded her brain until its delicate structure gave way entirely under the unapproachable strain, and her friends were obliged to place her in an asylum for the insane. While Miss Bateman was crushed by her self-assumed mental burden, Miss Mary Nannary, who is known all over the coast, has weighted herself far more heavily, and has experienced no ill-effects whatever. Miss Nannary, however, has without doubt one of the most phenomenally quick and retentive memories possessed by any member of her particularly exacting profession. Notwithstanding the generally received opinion that theatrical people are as a rule particularly blessed in the matter of memories, it is in reality by no means a fact, for some of the most brilliant stars in the dramatic firmament find it impossible to include more than a dozen roles in their repertory, and even these are obliged to re-study if any appreciable length of time intervenes between the dates of their presentation. Many of our most brilliantly intellectual actors and actresses find that after years of severe study their ability to commit their lines to memory easily and well becomes much diminished, sometimes to an extent which is annoyingly inconvenient, this being again, of course the result of too assiduous application. The case of Miss Nannary, therefore, is as unusual as to be almost, if not quite, without a parallel. While the eastern leading lady considers herself as well equipped if she has a repertory embracing six parts, our clever western lady is able to perform a different role nearly every night in the year, should she so choose, and do so, too, without having recourse to re-study. Miss Nannary at the present time is thoroughly familiar with 220 different plays, and is letter-perfect in her own part therein. Her mind seems to be of a peculiarly impressionable and retentive quality, for anything that she has once learned remains in her mental grasp from that time forth. It has been said of this charming lady that she has a "million-word brain," and reckoning billions in the American fashion, she doubtless can claim this distinction. Not only does Miss Nannary remember what she once learns, but she learns with almost unbelievable rapidity, as it has been proven that she can commit, and correctly, fifty "sides" of seventy-five words each in the astonishingly brief space of fifty minutes. Such surprising feats as this even she does not perform over-frequently, but that she is capable of doing so is susceptible of demonstration at any time.—San Francisco Call.

WEARING JEWELRY.

Earrings are once again in favor, although not yet exactly popular. The kind which will be mostly seen is the Italian style—great hoops that almost touch the shoulders. By a new invention these can be affixed to the ears without the process of "piercing" having to take place.

The crowning concern was recently given to the donning of jewelry at a functions, when her royal highness, the duchess of York wore some exquisite turquoise ornaments at this season. These, perhaps, of all other jewels are peculiarly adapted for day wear, they are of such delicate coloring and their non-transparent gives more of the flashing luster which we have been accustomed to consider as an attribute except at exalted festivities. Opals, on the other hand, are somewhat of the same character, and the appreciation attached to them is gradually dying out.

Talking of gems reminds one that comparatively few people ever think of cleaning them, but allow them to get extremely grimy, and then send them to a jeweler. This accumulation of dirt is very injurious to the stones. Every few months all rings, brooches, and such articles as are in constant use—be frequently for three months—should be brushed with a tooth brush, which has been dipped in soda water; if the setting is open it should be brushed from the back. Then lay the article in a heap of dry sand and dust, which has been slightly heated, and leave them for several days, and leave them for several days, and leave them for several days.

Gold chains may be washed in warm water, drying them on a soft towel, and pulling the chain backward and forward, but care must be taken to get in the right way of the links on the chain. These may also be placed in soda water, the particles of which can be easily blown away afterward. The best dam between the links is very likely to come from too much soap.

A clergyman in Bangor, Ind., is refused to pay a poll tax, on the ground that he belongs to a church, and a church or a pastoral residence.—Ex.